

## THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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## THE WELCOME TO MR. SHEPHERD.

As shown by his statement in these columns, Commissioner Macfarland appreciates the justice of the proposal that Alexander K. Shepherd be accorded a public welcome when he arrives in the Capital some months hence.

In viewing the results of his battle for betterment and the plans for the beautification of Washington, ex-Governor Shepherd will obtain a great deal of satisfaction for his determination in the time when criticisms were showered upon him because he insisted upon improvement with a perspective that dispensed the short-sighted individuals and interests which his plans offended.

But the consciousness of work well done should not be the only compensation in the case of Mr. Shepherd. The twentieth century Washingtonians should atone for the abusive conservatism of the past by showing Mr. Shepherd that they appreciate the incalculable benefits of the programme which he insisted upon putting through under fire from many influential quarters.

For this reason, it is very proper that the authorities of the District of Columbia should go forward with plans for an official welcome which will be commensurate, if possible, with the signal service of Mr. Shepherd in behalf of the Capital of America.

## SHOULD AN ACTRESS BE HER OWN MANAGER?

By HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

This talk about the actress-manager is silly to me. A man is naturally the best manager. He understands all the business details of contracts, advertising, etc., that a woman knows nothing about, and in order to matter which she would have to devote so much time that she would have little left for the stage.

I think there is a chance for a woman not only to be her own stage manager, but run the stage and everything behind the footlights, for there is where the actress is on an even plane with a man. But for the business part, what we call "the front of the house," and the real management of a theatrical company, it is a man's place, and not a woman's.

An actress has all that she can do and do well if she attends to her own performance and the details of the stage. It will keep her busy all day and half of the night. The very minute that she interferes with the actual management she unites herself for everything. Few people have ever been able to do two things at the same time and do them well, and actresses are no exception to the rule. It is hard enough to act so that the critics are satisfied, to say nothing of doing anything else.

In the selection of a play an actress' opinion, of course, has weight and is always respected by a successful manager, but in the matter of booking, railroad contracts, advertising, etc., a woman's judgment is not to be relied upon. They are too impressionable and are lacking in experience. If a woman cannot find a manager whom she can trust, my advice for her is to marry and let her husband be her manager.

## ARE BARBERS TOO TALKATIVE?

By F. D. MOLER, Principal of the Barbers' School.

The barber is a much abused person. Humorous writers, paragraphers, caricaturists, and story-tellers have held the barber up to ridicule and have falsely exploited him as the most disagreeably loquacious type possible.

Barbers do talk to their patrons; there is no denying this fact. Butchers, bakers, and clerks and salesmen also talk to their customers, but no one says the barber can expect a shave, and a ten-minute exclusive entertainment by a skilled elocutionist or monologist for fifteen cents.

A generation or more ago barbers, at least some of them, probably talked too much. Every man who was engaged in any kind of business talked more then. Nowadays there is more competition, more hustle and bustle, and people do not have so much time to talk.

I learned my trade from a German barber, who was one of the most diplomatic conversationalists I ever saw. He studied each customer, and knew each man's occupation and fad, where he lived, and if married, how many children he had. I think he sat up nights learning his "little book." He could converse intelligently on almost any subject, from politics and astronomy to the price of wheat and pretzels, and he never offended a customer or even annoyed one.

Some men like to have the barber talk to them when they are in the chair, and some men don't. The modern, up-to-date barber at once "sizes up" his customer and governs himself accordingly. At one time I used to shave General Manager Harrahan, of the Illinois Central Railroad, and also General Superintendent Sullivan, of the same road. The former gentleman would grumble if the barber talked to him, and the latter would grumble if the barber did not talk to him.

Barbers are improving in many ways aside from restricting their flow of talk. They do not insist on bestowing a shampoo or selling a hair tonic with the same persistence that marked their efforts a score of years ago. American barbers are improving intellectually as well as professionally, and we now have better barbers and better equipped barber shops than any other nation in the world.

## A BUSY WOMAN'S REST CURE.

One of the busiest women in New York has a health recipe which she says she would not exchange for a gold mine. With a thousand and one important things crying for her attention, she looks as serene and untroubled as if she had not a care in the world. When one of her friends suggested that she was worn out with nerves and could not judge for her high-strung sisters, she smiled a wise smile.

"My dear," she said, with emphasis, "what I am in the way of a health exhibit a sensible doctor and my own perseverance have made me. I without nerves! I wish I were. But when I tell you that I served a two years' term in nervous prostration, you may believe I possess the usual number at least. I went to work after the siege was over at the same breakneck speed as before. Within two months I was a candidate for a doctor's attention again, this time with a most uncomfortable kind of indigestion. Fortunately for me I found a doctor whose common sense, if nothing else, ought to put him in the Hall of Fame.

"He heard the story of my woes, asked me what I was doing and how I was doing it. Then I waited for him to write a prescription, but he didn't.

"Your indigestion is nothing but overworked nerves," he told me; "medicine won't help you."

"Is a fever of apprehension I asked him if I'd have to give up and rest again.

"By no means," was his answer, "learn how to work. That's all you need."

"He went on to tell me that we women who were taking new responsibilities hadn't adjusted ourselves to the new conditions, that we took things too hard and exhausted half our energy worrying, before we even began to work.

"The doctor showed me a practical way

out. 'You don't need a drop of medicine,' he assured me again. 'But you do need physical and spiritual relaxation. The first is comparatively easy to get, but the second you will have to work out for yourself. I can only point the way.'

"His prescription was simply this: an hour's rest every night before dinner, with my wrapper on in a dark room. It has been my salvation ever since. Before that I had worked at fever heat up to the last minute before dinner, to sit down to the table worn out and exhausted. Any well regulated stomach would refuse to work under the circumstances, the doctor said, and when my indigestion vanished after a month of rest hours, I began to believe him.

"No matter how much I have had to do since," continued the woman with the nerves that do not show, "I have always insisted on that rest before dinner."

"A regular exercise as well as included in the doctor's advice. I couldn't possibly give up a special hour to it, so I compromised by walking a mile of the way down town every morning as regularly as I eat my breakfast. It isn't always easy to follow out the programme, but my readiness for work, the good spirits, the zest for everything that comes along, which you get as a reward, are worth something ten times as hard."

"The spiritual relaxation has certainly been harder to get and I haven't half learned my lesson yet. But I only worry occasionally now, instead of chronically. That comes of living by a motto the doctor gave me which I would advise every nervous woman to adopt as her own: 'Don't cross the bridge till you come to it and burn it behind you.' It's worth hanging above your bureau and repeating daily, that motto, and if our sex would only obey it, I don't believe there'd be enough cases of nervous prostration to keep the doctors in practice."—New York Times.

## THE PLAYER FOLK.

The plans for the contemplated Washington appearance of Miss Percy Haswell in the spring have been changed by the new arrangement just made for her stellar debut next season under the management of Henry B. Harris in R. H. Marshall's comedy, "A Royal Family."

Miss Haswell was under contract to appear the week before Easter at Mr. Chase's Washington theatre, supported by her Baltimore stock company. Mr. Chase had also negotiated for a few weeks in the spring. Each of these engagements at Chase's, however, involved daily matinees, and the week's experience Miss Haswell had in December at the local playhouse was such that she made up her mind to avoid daily matinees entirely hereafter. Before any definite agreement had been made with Mr. Chase to cancel the engagements in this city, the contract for her starring venture was signed with Mr. Harris. He immediately stipulated that under no circumstances should she appear in Washington at either Chase's or any other house, as such an engagement would naturally be detrimental to a stellar engagement at high prices next fall. Accordingly the week at Chase's Theatre in March has been cancelled, and Miss Haswell will remain in Baltimore. No spring engagement will be played in this city by her, but in the early part of next season she will appear as a full-fledged star at either the National or the Columbia, presenting "A Royal Family." Miss Haswell's contract with Mr. Harris is for five years, and she will be one of the early attractions at his New York theatre, the Hudson Theatre, now building. Mr. Harris is said to have two additional plays in reserve for Miss Haswell.

The professional advance of Maria Van Dresser, who is playing the title role in Otis Skinner's production of "Francesca Rimini" at the Columbia, has been broken as it has been reported. This is only her fifth season on the stage. Light opera was the first field chosen by her, and she made her initial appearance with The Bostonians as understudy to Jessie Bartlett Davis. Her rich contralto voice attracted attention, and in her second season she was given a good part with Alice Nielsen in "The Fortune Teller." She left the company to accept an offer from Augustin Daly, succeeding Blanche Bates as Countess Charkoff in "The Great Ruby." Later in the season she assumed, with success, the role of Lady Garnett when Miss Rehan left for Europe.

The following season Miss Van Dresser returned to The Bostonians, this time as leading contralto. Last year she played with Viola Allen in "In the Palace of the King," in which she created the role of the Princess of Ebboli. Her acting of this part determined Mr. Skinner of her fitness to assume the role of Francesca.

One of the important plays which looms up for an early production next season is a drama depicting New York life in its most sensational form. It will be called "Life," and is the product of Anson Pond, who wrote "Her Alibi."

Mr. Pond is said to have spent several years on "Life," and to have followed Cecil Raleigh's English melodramatic model very closely. Of course, "Life" will be a scenic affair with more—and undoubtedly better—painted canvas than actors.

## WHAT ONE MAY DO WITHOUT.

By CHRISTIAN TERHUNE HERRICK.

It is a great thing to know what one can do without. Most persons go on the contrary plan. They learn first what they cannot do without, and then after many struggles come around to the other side of the question. But it is a tremendous saving when they take the other side first.

When one gives one's mind to it, it is astonishing how many needless things one collects. If it were not for this weakness of human nature, the bargain counter would probably go out of business. It is there that the woman sees what she does not need now, but may want some day, and so buys it. Could she but ask herself: "Can I do without it?" and answer the enquiry conscientiously, there would be fewer parcels on the late afternoon trolley and elevated cars.

Everyone has heard in one form or another of the receptacle that is known as an "only" box, or "odds and ends" box, or as it is known in some families as a "happiness fund." Into it go the pennies and nickels that are saved by denying oneself the thing that is not really necessary, is purchased because it costs "only" this or that small sum. Sometimes the money thus accumulated goes to charity. In the "happiness fund" households it is devoted to family merry makings or outings. And it is surprising how the sum grows.

There are so many things in which the knowledge of what to do without proves helpful. For instance, the woman who is inviting her friends to her home knows that while it would be very delightful to have an elaborate spread to do them honor, she can do without certain things and yet make them comfortable. She would like to give her children all those things that are possessed by those of more liberal means than herself. But she stops and says: "They can do without this or that," and the money is put aside for something that they need more. She longs to purchase this or that new ornament or piece of clothing because it is cheap, but she stops and says to herself: "Can I do without this?" and passes by on the other side.

There are certain things one has no business to do without. When it comes to the pleasure that means far more than it costs to the person who receives it, to the flowers that spell happiness and encouragement to a sick person, to the little delicacy that tempts a failing appetite, it is time to stop asking: "Can I do without it?" But there are countless superfluous trifles that are bought as the result of the yielding to an instant's temptation. To learn that there is of these one can do without is money in the learner's pocket.

## BODILY EXERCISE PROMOTES BEAUTY IN WOMEN.

By BLANCHE BATES.

IN the epoch of rigid stays, starched manners, and artificial deportment in general, it would have been considered what we now call "bad form" should a gentleman indulge in any physical activity, a single beat more violent in movement than the languid measure of the minuet.

But in this era of common sense, woman, having found good health to have a beauty in itself, and having learned to recognize beauty exercise as a most potent factor in the preservation of health, has set to work with a will and has gone in for exercise. So if modern woman is, as many are wont to declare, more fascinating, more brilliant, more beautiful than she of yesterday—the cause of improvement may very well be attributed to her growing fondness for the cause.

Amusement in the open air, or even a duty which takes one out of doors, may readily be entered on the credit side of the health account. Naturally one immediately thinks of walking, but few of those who are aware of the virtues of this everyday form of activity ever realize the full benefit to be derived from a pedestrian, shopping, or calling tour, if only through neglecting to take proper advantage of the opportunities. When walking one should never slouch, even strolling is a waste, not only of time, but of a chance for muscular rehabilitation. Briefly, let me say that the woman who seizes every opportunity to walk, and does so with a proper regard to fully inflated lungs, an easy body balance, firm foot-hold and an elastic step, will find her charms enhanced a hundred fold through the acquisition of a graceful carriage, which, after all, is the chief adjunct of beauty.

Of all outdoor exercises horseback riding seems to be the most pleasurable, most exhilarating and most beneficial; but this, unfortunately, is a pastime usually beyond the reach of the average city girl. Golf, a fascinating sport, is less expensive, and many a maid and matron owes her bright eyes and rosy cheeks to the vogue of this old Scotch game.

Many women go in for fencing and even boxing, but for those who have neither time nor means to engage in exercises sufficiently amusing to recommend themselves on the score of pleasure alone, let me earnestly advise a daily devotion of ten minutes' duration to simple calisthenics, at least a few movements which every one knows, in particular that of standing erect, stretching one's arms above the head to the farthest reach of the fingers and then bending with a sweep to touch the toes, keeping legs straight and knees unbent. These, together with the swimming motions, make a simple course of exercise which, followed with daily regularity, will not only heighten and preserve the beauty of woman, but will also chase away the many petty ills with which she is so frequently beset.

## ACTOR AND LECTURER.

The majority of persons who have attended the performances of "The Lost Paradise" at the Lafayette this week have not failed to be impressed with the work of P. J. Durgan in the role of Old Bensil, a mill hand. Mr. Durgan's characterization is one of the most conspicuous in the play, not through its own prominence, for it is a very small part, but by reason of the artistic and conscientious study which the actor has given it.

This is not the first time that Mr. Durgan has distinguished himself in the Lafayette productions, for in several of the previous presentations, particularly "Quo Vadis" and "Romeo and Juliet," he did excellent work.

Mr. Durgan was born in Australia and has had an interesting career. He is regarded as one of the best Shakespearean readers of today. His first Shakespearean role was Marcellus in "Hamlet," in support of the English tragedian, William Creswick, with whom he spent two seasons as leading man. Subsequent to this engagement he was the principal support of three noted women stars—Mrs. Scott Siddons, Eloise Juno, and Margaret Knight.

For twelve years Mr. Durgan occupied a foremost position in Australian theatricals, and during this period he devoted himself wholly to the legitimate drama. His last engagement in Melbourne was under the management of Williamson & Musgrove, the Frohman of Australia. Mr. Durgan's greatest successes have been as Hamlet, Macbeth, and Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice." His extensive knowledge of Shakespeare has not been confined to the interpretation of the poet's characters. He occupies a conspicuous position in the lecture field and has appeared in that capacity both in this country and abroad.

The actor's first theatrical engagement in America was as stage manager at Moore's Theatre, San Francisco, and similar positions followed at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, and with the Hopkins stock company in Nashville.

Edward McWade, the author of "Winchester," has discovered that what the average subreite doesn't know about making excuses would be of little use to any schoolboy.

While rehearsing "Winchester" just before starting out this season, the subreite of the company showed up a day late. Having offended before, Mr. McWade determined to make an example of her before the whole company. When she appeared next day he asked, with a voice that had the tenderness of a buzz-saw: "Miss D—, do you know that you are a day late? What excuse have you to offer?"

"I didn't bring it with me, Mr. McWade," she answered, timidly.

"Bring what?" thundered the author, thinking he was being trifled with.

"My excuse, Mr. McWade: I left it at home. You see, I got married yesterday, but I didn't think you wanted to see my husband."

"We will proceed with the rehearsal," said Mr. McWade, somehow feeling as though he hadn't made much progress as a stern stage manager.

Washington is soon to be visited by a number of women stars. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, and Mary Manning are all headed for the Capital, and are scheduled to arrive within the next month.



ADELAIDE THURSTON, Starring in "Sweet Clover."

## COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL NECESSARY TO OUR PROSPERITY.

By ALBERT B. BOARDMAN, of New York.

The word "trust" is greatly abused by the press and public generally. It is made to cover all large combinations of capital and business abilities, whatever form the transaction may take. A moment's reflection will convince any reasonable person that, as long as there is no legal limit to the capital of the corporation or to the property it can acquire by purchase, no combination can be condemned simply because it is gigantic.

If the day of small things were to come in the State of New York, for example, and the Legislature were to reach the conclusion that it was against public policy to permit the aggregation of capital and business abilities in excess of certain limitations, the first thing to do would be to change the law of the State establishing these limitations. It is idle and almost silly to argue against the legitimacy, so long as the laws are carefully framed to permit the thing which is condemned.

The laws of trade are something like the laws of nature. The savage gets little or no benefit from association or combination. As man ascends, the combination and association become apparent, and, as water will always proceed along the lines of least resistance, so trade, if unfettered by law, will seek the conditions which are most favorable. Experience has amply demonstrated that those who have been able to grasp and use the powerful lever of combination and association have succeeded where others have failed.

The United States has become a world power, not only in politics, but in trade.

"The word TRUST is greatly abused."  
"No combination can be condemned simply because it is gigantic."  
"Trusts should be controlled by intelligent regulation in the public interest."

Its position in the last analysis must depend upon the sagacity of its politicians and traders. If we are to take a position in the world commensurate with our natural advantages we must play the game intelligently. We must not fight with antiquated weapons, and we must not tie ourselves up with foolish restrictive laws. All the laws in the world will not make two and two any more or less than four, and all the laws in the world cannot affect the proposition that we would never have had a pipe line built in the United States if the views of some of our good friends who are opposed to what they call "trusts" had always prevailed; and without pipe lines our exportation of petroleum probably would never have amounted to enough to make it worth while to record the figures. This, of course, is a single illustration, and many similar ones will, no doubt, occur to the reader.

The fact that a thing is good in principle, even taken in connection with the other fact that certain regulations and restrictions would be unwise, does not imply that there should be no regulation. Of course the public is vitally interested in the great aggregations of capital, and the enormous force which they represent should be controlled by intelligent regulation in the public interest. But the fact that, if this force is uncontrolled, far-reaching disasters will result is no more an argument against its use under proper regulation than would be the claim that dynamite should never be used because of the Park Avenue explosion, or that steam should be abandoned as a motive power because a boiler occasionally explodes.

## Aethelstan's Bible.

Though the Bible used in modern coronations are lost to the public, the nation possesses in the Cottonian Library a volume asserted to have been used at the coronations of English sovereigns 300 years before the stone now in the coronation chair was brought to England from Scotland. It is a Latin MS. of the four Gospels, or which tradition asserts the ancient kings of England took their coronation oaths. This MS. is a quarto volume of 217 leaves, written apparently toward the end of the ninth century, and for the period is a fine specimen of the writing and art of illumination. It narrowly escaped destruction in the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731, and bears evidence of its danger in crumpled leaves and singed margins. There seems good evidence that Aethelstan owned the volume and gave it to the church of Dover.—London Chronicle.

## The Goody Company.

A loyal heart for a loyal friend.  
And love for those that love you.  
A fearless soul to the journey's end,  
Whatever skies above you;  
A laugh for luck in the dawn's glad light,  
And a song where the night shall find you,  
And the road you travel is brave and bright,  
Though Fate rides fast behind you!  
For loyal friends make a bold array,  
And love is a charm to shield you,  
And a fearless soul drives thoughts away  
That to defeat would yield you;  
And a laugh is a spell for gladness cast,  
And a song so strong shall find you  
That the coward Fate, from first to last,  
Rides shivering far behind you!  
—Ripley D. Saunders.

## IRELAND'S NEW LEAGUE

WHAT IT HAS DONE—WHAT IT HOPES TO DO

By WILLIAM REDMOND, M. P.

AND—JOSEPH DEVLIN

"Out of her poverty and her limited resources Ireland during the past eighteen months has subscribed more than \$100,000 to build up the United Irish League."

We have been sent from Ireland as the delegates unanimously appointed by the greatest national convention held in Ireland for nearly a century. That convention represented every city, every county, and nearly every parish from one end of Ireland to the other. It was composed of over 2,000 of the leading citizens of the country, including eighty Irish Members of Parliament, representing nine-tenths of the entire representation of the country. There also attended in their representative capacity the most influential priests of the country, the chairmen of nearly every county council, and almost every representative of every elected public board. The political organizations scattered widespread all over the land sent delegates, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which is a powerful organization, especially in Ulster, was also represented.

It was from such a gathering that we received our mandate to visit the United States and appeal for the moral and material support of our kinsmen. Surely no delegation ever came armed with such authority. It is, therefore, as the representatives of a country never before so thoroughly united that we come to build up in the United States an organization which will act in harmony and co-operation with the home organization in the great work of restoring to the ancient Celtic race the land of their fathers, and in reconstituting in Ireland a national Parliament as the free and unfettered national authority of the country.

The leaders of the Irish movement felt

that it would neither be desirable nor fair to ask the Irish people of America for assistance so long as divisions existed in the national ranks at home, but now that they are united in the old land, and that a real and earnest spirit is displayed once more, they feel that they can turn again to the Irish exiles for aid and assistance in saving the last remnant of their race from extinction.

The spirit of the country, the thorough determination of the people and the absolute unity which now exists with such happy and beneficent results, have been brought about by the holy and healthy influence of the United Irish League. That great organization has 1,500 branches spread all over the country. These branches elect a national directory, and no better proof could be given of the genuine spirit of union that exists throughout the land than to find on the governing body, working in the most harmonious relationship, such men as John Redmond and John Dillon, Michael Davitt and James O'Kelly, William O'Brien and Timothy Harrington. These men were divided for over ten years, and now nothing could exceed the cordiality and friendship which exists among them in the work of making the national organization a source of power and strength to Ireland and a weakness and terror to her enemies.

The objects of the United Irish League are chiefly to win self-government for Ireland and the land for the people, and

there are a number of other prominent items in its programme, but these are its principal aims. For these ends the Irish party is fighting in the British House of Commons, with a vigor and determination that have never been surpassed. They are a foreign garrison in the heart of the British Empire, and they lose no chance of creating difficulties for England whenever the opportunity offers, either on the floor of the House of Commons or elsewhere, and while the great bulk of the party are thus engaged, other members are fighting in the poverty-stricken districts of Connaught for the preservation of the hearths and homes of those who have most deeply felt the blight of Irish landlordism and the curse of British rule. For their mainly stand on behalf of the down-trodden tenants of the West, nearly a dozen of the Irish party are at present in Irish jails, sentenced to terms varying from two to six months.

The fight has only commenced. We intend to carry on the struggle even more fiercely than in previous years, and we are quite confident that if the Irish in America only give us a fair measure of their generous support, the objects of the United Irish League will be achieved in the very near future. Out of her poverty and her limited resources Ireland, during the past eighteen months, subscribed more than \$100,000 to erect and build up the United Irish League and to maintain a fighting and aggressive Irish representation in the foreign Parliament.

## French Banking Methods.

I was studying the mechanism of the Bank of France under the guidance of one of the officers. We went into one great room in the old building, in which there were 200 desks included in wire cages, all empty at the moment. I asked what these were for.

"These cages are for our city collectors," I was told. "When a small merchant borrows from the Bank of France he does not, as with you in America, borrow a bank credit, and have his loan merely added to his balance on the books of the bank. With us the merchant when he makes a loan, gets the actual money and takes it away. He probably has no bank account with us. He writes no checks. When the loan is due he does not, as would be the case in your banks, come in and pay his indebtedness with a check; instead of that we send a collector to him, and that collector is paid by the loan in actual currency. Two hundred men start out from the Bank every morning to collect matured loans. Several days each month."

To send out 100 men, and on the 1st and 15th of each month 500 collectors go out. These collectors wear uniformed men carrying leather pouches in which they have the matured notes and which are later filled with currency as the collectors are made from the bank's borrowers.

The Century.

## THE BEST PRIZE.

For a sight of old Erin the eyes of me hunger,  
And the heart of me thrills with the echoes of yore.  
'Tis a fortune I'd give to be thirty years younger,  
And Bridget upbraiding me outside the door  
Of the little old home where I won her. Ah! daily  
I think of the joy of those old courting days,  
And I long for to swing once again the shillally  
Fernist the brave boys for a word of her praise.

Sweet Bridget is now a fine lady of fashion—  
A blossom transplanted, but blooming the same  
As when first I stammered the tale of my passion  
With an awkwardness that would now fill me with shame.  
By an eloquence born of Irish extraction  
I've managed to capture some prizes this side,  
But never a one with that keen satisfaction  
I felt when fair Bridget said: "I'll be your bride."

And it's sure her sweet face that is smiling before me  
As I smoke my duden when the fire burns low,  
As I dream of the time when worse luck tried to floor me,  
And Bridget stood stanch as an oak in the snow.  
Oh, the years they have gone, and the snow has dropped lightly  
On the locks of my bride; but there's spring in her heart,  
And the summer of love in her eyes flames as brightly  
As when we were plighted "till death do us part."  
—R. C. ROSE.